**The Night of Easter**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Under dimness of ground

Our parents are still sleeping

Waiting for undying awaking

Between the ancestors

The night has dumped thick

Layers of dark loam.

The rustle is throbbing

In cool winds of spring

Tender uncorked buds

Are unfettered to flourish.

The snow is melting

At the top of mountain

Valleys rejoice exalted

Rivers are reversing

Their flow from the oceans

Retreating back in the clouds.

Morning Star arises

Above, beyond, at zenith

Light gushes from darkness

The hearts are hatching

Breaking the eggshells

White coffins of light.